

In Memory of his Highness
G E O R G E
Duke of ALBEMARLE.

Great Soul, whoever writes Thy Loss, should be
As great in Thoughts, if not in Deeds as Thee,
To tell Mankind thy true deserts of Praise
In purer Numbers than the common phrase.

For how can strain'd Imagination finde
Words of apt Sense to fit so great a Minde?
And Verses in low-seated Fancies bred,
Like Streams, do ne'r o'top the Fountains head.
The common ways of Praise (ability
Of heart and body) is too coarse for Thee,
Since every common Hector of the Rour
Acquires the Epithets of *Strong* and *Stout* ;
Endowments which our Maker did intend
As Instruments to serve another End
Then vulgar Praise, To give rough natures Law,
And teach assuming mindes to stand in awe,
And stoop to what Heav'ns Majestie hath sent
For humane preservation (*Government.*)

This was Thy Work (great Duke) to save a State
In Civil Broyles, prest down with Rebels weight.
Its Body by ill humours grown so sick,
It had forgot the name of Politique ;
Destitute both of Rule and Ruler too,
Divided into Sects, of one minde few :
And to help on its Ruine nearer hand,
Each of those Sects sought the Supreme Command.
Whatever ill Confusion might bring,
Or horrid War, came sayling with spread wing :
But being by Thy Watchful Soul descry'd,
Receiv'd its mortal wound (i'th' train) and dy'd.
Thy mighty Merit now the World may know,
If they Peace as a Benefit allow.
The Roman Senate have decreed to men
Crowns, for redeeming of one Citizen.
Preservers of their Country, Gods became,
And got their Adoration by their fame :
But thy Deserts (besides thy Princes love)
We doubt not but have their Rewards above ;
And have prepar'd a Diadem for Thee,
Who weigh'd three Kingdoms sunk in Misery.